

ROSLYN



VANCOUVER



The EDITH *and* LORNE PIERCE
COLLECTION *of* CANADIANA



Queen's University at Kingston



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS

— OF —

ROSLYN

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PORTION OF
VANCOUVER, B. C.



GATHERING SHELLS FROM THE SEASHORE

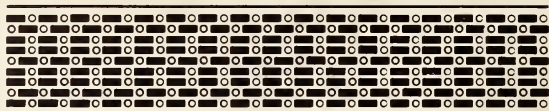
DESIGNED AND PUBLISHED

BY

G. A. BARRETT & CO.

WHO WILL BE PLEASED TO MAIL OR GIVE A COPY TO ANYONE WHO
WILL PHONE, CALL OR WRITE TO OUR OFFICE: 282 HASTINGS ST. E.

TELEPHONE 1259



Fair Roslyn

BY G. A. BARRETT

Could I command a Master's brush,
Or e'en a Poet's gift to sing,
The flood of genius ne'er could flow
To theme more fit than Roslyn.
Fair Roslyn, thou sister twin
Of storied Eden, lost to Earth.
Sweet garden midst a thousand isles,
Blessed the land that gave thee birth.

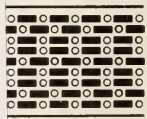
2.

Could I but paint thy wild flowered glades,
Thy mossy banks where fairy dwells,
Thy pebbled shores, thy golden sands,
Thy snowy peaks and wooded dells.

part
art.

se,
less grace,
ilds,

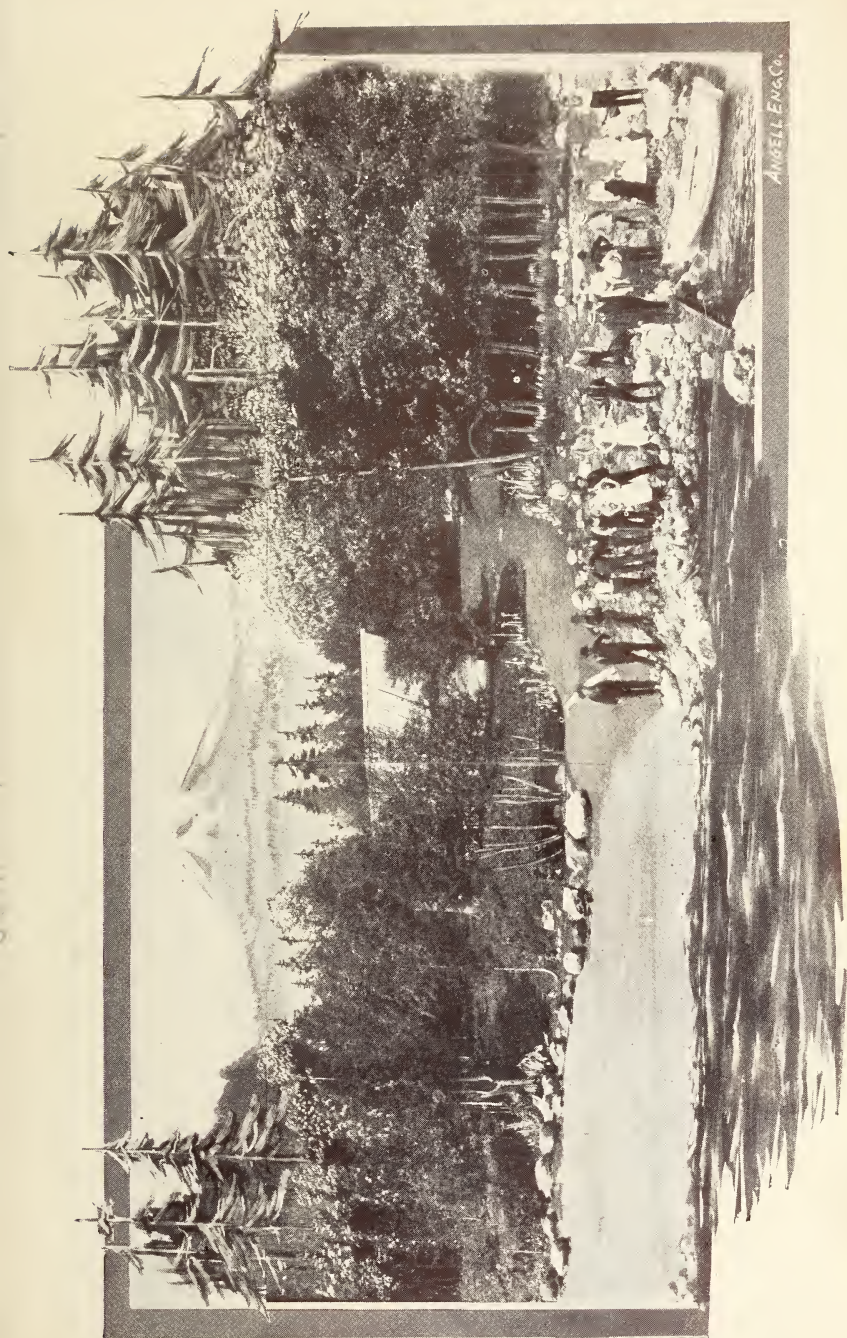
rt.



*Dorothy Muriel
Matson
Bequest*

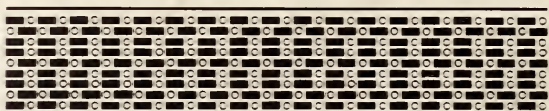


Queen's
UNIVERSITY



ANGELL ENG. CO.

A GLIMPSE OF ETERNAL SNOW THREE HOURS FROM ROSLYN



Fair Roslyn

BY G. A. BARRETT

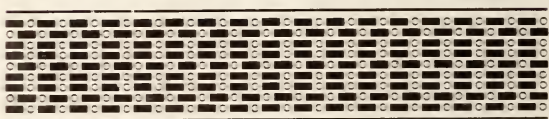
Could I command a Master's brush,
Or e'en a Poet's gift to sing,
The flood of genius ne'er could flow
To theme more fit than Roslyn.
Fair Roslyn, thou sister twin
Of storied Eden, lost to Earth.
Sweet garden midst a thousand isles,
Blessed the land that gave thee birth.

2.

Could I but paint thy wild flowered glades,
Thy mossy banks where fairy dwells,
Thy pebbled shores, thy golden sands,
Thy snowy peaks and wooded dells.
But, no! my brush would fail in part
To paint thee, Roslyn, as thou art.

3.

Could I but sing in passion'd verse,
And clothe in words thy matchless grace,
To bring thee from thy hidden wilds,
Exalted to thy rightful place,
The Poet, too, would fail in part,
To sing thee, Roslyn, as thou art.





ANGELL ENG. CO.

A GLIMPSE OF ETERNAL SNOW THREE HOURS FROM ROSLYN



BATHING BEACH, ROSLYN



THE SIMPLE LIFE, ROSLYN



THE MAN BEHIND THE AXE



FORMING THE PARK, ROSLYN



ALL HANDS AND THE COOK, ROSLYN



NATURE'S FLOWER POT. A BIT OF ROSLYN



SIGN OF AN OLD SETTLER



BOULDER ISLAND. A QUIET SMOKE. ROSLYN

DREAMLAND, ROSLYN

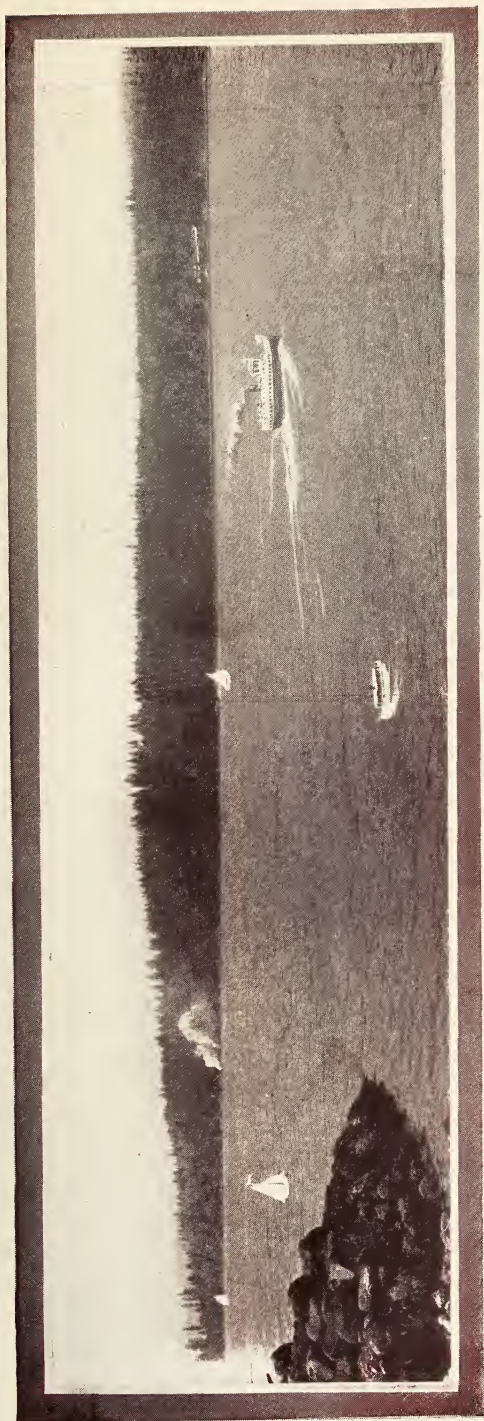




AN IDEAL SPOT FOR A PLUNGE



HORSESHOE BEACH, ROSLYN



ROSLYN BAY



DISCOVERY OF ROSLYN



TAMING OF THE WILDS, ROSLYN



A BIT OF NATURE, ROSLYN



CLAM DIGGING, ROSLYN



ROSLYN'S LAKES AND FELS

ODE TO VANCOUVER

By G. A. BARRETT

1. Vancouver, Talismanic word for all that leads to wealth,
Domestic peace, good will to all, pure pleasures, perfect health.
Thou City built beside the sea, o'erlooked by mountain chains,
Thou Mecca of desire to those who toil upon the plains.



2. Thou art a bonny winsome maid, whose step is light and free,
Thou art a careless loving lass, but thou art dear to me.
I love thy sunny summer smile, thy tears of gentle rain
And would not for the world go back to snow and frost again.



A PARTIAL VIEW OF VANCOUVER

3. I've watched thee nigh to twenty years, when thou wert weak and small,
But even in thy infant days, thou wert beloved by all.
The day when thou fell'st in the fire and nearly burned to death,
I rave men, and women too, fought hard to stay the fleeting breath.



4. And night and day beside thy couch, we watched with tender care,
And nursed thee back to life again, till growing tall and fair
The world began to recognise the beauty of thy face
And came from far and near to view Vancouver's peerless grace.

5. From England, Scotland, Ireland, from Italy's sunny clime,
France, Russia, Spain and Germany, all leave their shores for thine;
And at our rock-ribbed portals, the richest and the best,
Are giving up their passports and coming here to rest.



6. When greater Britain forms her crown of cities new and old,
Five hundred million interested people will be told,
From coral strands to snowy plains, o'er mountain, desert, sea,
And when the best is chronicled, we'll better rest with thee.



7. And in this empire diadem, some day to form that crown,
A hundred mighty cities will strive for place renown,
And thou sweet maiden city, the queen of all the west,
Shall take thy place amongst the great, the beautiful and best.



8. For thou hast all the attributes, to make a city great,
Thy hand contains the title deeds of a grand and vast estate.
The mountains that o'ershadow thee are filled with richest ore,
Gold, silver, copper, iron, coal from nature's buried store.



9. The valleys that divide the hills are clothed with forest fine,
The spreading cedar, stately fir, the hemlock, oak and pine.
The streams and rushing rivers flowing past thee to the sea
Yield richly to the fisher folk, who bring their spoils to thee.



10. The blue Pacific bathes thy feet, its currents warm the air,
The old grow lustier with their years, the young upright and fair.
The grass is green and flowers bloom from May to May again,
And poverty cannot exist where peace and plenty reign.



11. All thou could'st ask thou hast received, the gods have smiled on thee,
Thy latent possibilities the world amazed shall see.
Go forward to thy destiny, thy banners waving high
And sons and daughters yet unborn shall laud thee to the sky.



J. C. NICHOLSON & SON, PRINTERS
VANCOUVER - B. C.

